shewd prunes, and dried cakes: a captaine? Gods light these villaines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good worde before it was ill sorted, therefore captains had neede look too't.

Bard. Pray thee go downe good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither mistris Dol.

Pist. Not I, I tell thee what corporall Bardolfe, I could teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

Boy Pray thee go downe.

Pist. Ile see her damnd first, to Plutoes damnd lake by this hād to th'infernal deep, with erebus & tortures vile also: holde hooke and line, say I: downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captaine Peesell be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I beseeke you now aggrauate your choller.

Pist These be good humors indeede, shal pack-horses, and hollow pamperd iades of Asia which cannot goe but thirtie mile a day, compare with Cæsars and with Canibals, and troiant Greekes? nay rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare, shall we fall foule for toies?

Host. By my troth captaine, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone good Ancient, this will grow to a brawle anon.

Pist. Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not Hiren here?

Host. A my word Captaine, theres none such here, what the goodyeare do you thinke I would denie her? for Gods sake be quiet.

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my faire Calipolis, come giues some sacke, *si fortune me tormente sperato me contento*, feare we brode sides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me some sacke, and sweet hart, lie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are & cæteraes, no things?

Falst. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy neaffe, what, we haue seene the seuen starres.

Dol.

Dol, For Gods sake thrust him down staires, I cannot indure such a fustian rascall.

Pist Thrust him downe staires, know we not Galloway nagges?

Falst. Quaite him downe Bardolfe like a shoue-groat shilling, nay, and a doe nothing but speake nothing, a shall be nothing here.

Bard Come, get you downe staires.

Pist. What shall we haue incision? shall we imbrew? then death rocke me a sleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then let grieuons gastly gaping wounds vntwinde the sisters three, come Atropose I say.

Host. Heres goodly stuffe toward.

Falst. Giue me my rapier, boy.

Dol I pray thee Iacke, I pray thee do not drawe.

Fal. Get you downe staires.

Host. Heres a goodly tumult, ile forsweare keeping house afore ile be in these tirrits and frights, so, murder I warant now, alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked weapons.

Dol. I pray thee Iack be quiet, the rascal's gone, ah you horson little vliaunt villaine you.

Host. Are you not hurte i'th groyne? me thought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Fal. Haue you turnd him out a doores?

Bar. Yea sir, the rascal's drunke, you haue hurt him sir i'th shoulder.

Fal. A rascall to braue me?

Dol A you sweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou sweatst, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horsone chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, woorth siue of Agamemnon, & ten times better then the nine Worthies, a villaine!

Fal. Ah rascally slaue! I will tosse the rogue in a blanket.

Dol Do and thou darst for thy heart, and thou dost, ile canuas thee betweene a payre of sheetes.

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